PERICULA URBIS

MOORE.

EXERCISES

IN

LATIN, GREEK, AND ENGLISH VERSE.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

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A SATIRE

AND OTHER EXERCISES

IN

LATIN, GREEK, AND ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

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LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1870.

I.

PERICULA URBIS.

A SATIRE.

'Finem impensæ non servat prodiga Roma.'

PARNASSO descende: Gradus* Carique libellum,
Musa, nihil nostros scis profecisse labores:
Parnasso descende; humilesque invise paludes
Isis, et humentes ripas, gentemque togatam.

Et nos ergo hodie delectat nulla jocorum
Copia? Nempe agitur toto Comœdia rivo:
Materiemque ipsi sumant ex amne Tragœdi.
Stridit hyems, gelidamque irrorat Aquarius Isin;
Sæva tamen sonuit vox remigis illa magistri,
'Depresso incipiat jam tum mihi ventre juventus
'Ingemere, et primâ lentescere remus in undâ.'
Continuò ignaros per tenuia transtra *Recentes*
Disposuit, gracilisque tremit sub pondere cymba.
Procubuere; superque instans censura celeustæ
Vexat inæquales remos: at sævior alter

* Is scilicet, quem nunquam satis laudandus Carius in usum puerorum composuit.

Eminus e ripâ diro clamore satelles
Acria devexæ jaculatur probra carinæ.
'Septime,' (tu, juvenis, numeris assuesce vocari,
Tu numerus nunc es, natus sorbere bovinas,)
'Heu! quid agis? Fies simplex de remige vector
'Sic tortis humeris. Quid aquam mihi, Quinte, moraris
'Prendere? Quin citius! Truncum oscillare memento
'Quarte, tuum, mediumque cava, lentissime, dorsum.
'Una omnes!' Sic exierint mox octo virorum
Machina, sic tritis sidat Victoria transtris.

In mediis, en! remigio spectanda valenti
Prora ruit devexa, admirandique lacerti,
Queîs Cami parat ulva pares: dat euntibus omnis
Cymba locum, vexillum album venerata carinæ.
Heu! male tum *Guttæ* angustis erratur in undis.
Si quis ibi Cancros, (ea non incognita rivo
Monstra natant,) captans tonsam puer infodit undis,
Aut umbras Orci jussus descendere ad imas.
Obvius horrebit stantis convicia cymbæ;
Aut, si remigium violentior impetus egit,
Naufragus, et gelido submersus gurgite, nôrit
Quot catuli, et fœdæ fluitent in margine feles.

Plurimus et lumbos campestria cinctus, anhelans,
Cornipedis ritu gyri spatia omnia sudans
Exercetur, ut hesterni de tempore cursûs
Exiguum quamvis momentum deterat, et cras

Rursum aliud : neu, quum tulerit certamen arenæ
Summa dies, prius exanimem se in pulvere volvat
Quam vasto octavum singultu expleverit orbem.
Illum ducit amor poclî victricis avitum
Ornaturi abacum. Sed equos contendere credas
Fervet ubi campus stipulantibus, et sonat ingens
Sponsio. Quidni etenim ? Merces hominum quoque carni
Nulla erit ? Hinc aberunt, qui gaudent codice facto
E damno alterius certos educere nummos.
Græcia quippe suâ quondam certabat arenâ ;
Nec labor ingratus victori, ubi carmina vatum
Et spes et plausus et plurima palma suorum
Accepit venientem ; et sancto vespere Phœbi
Aurea tangebat lux Alphea, claraque Pisæ
Marmora, Phidiacumque Jovem, saltusque Lyæos.
Sacra tamen tum fama viros, sacra præmia ducunt ;
In solenne vocat certamen Olympia divos,
Et centum partis sociantur honoribus urbes.
Adde polum sudum, flatusque a monte ferentes
Delicias aurarum, et claro sole nitorem.
Nos, quibus ista placet cineres saluisse per atros
Gloria, et alta petunt plumbeum suspiria pôclum,
Currimus invitâ tellure atque aëre et auris.
At Graius solas mos afficit ille palæstras ?
Nonne novam formam nostræ invenere puellæ
Incessûs, Graioque sinu sua corpora flectunt ?
Scilicet hoc ævo placitum est ; via peccat eundi,

Quam docuit Natura, et crebescebat in illo
Tempore, quo stipat non omnem femina cœtum.
At non Graia hodie cursori sufficit illa
Simplicitas: non parva comas evinxit oliva:
Concisum argentum in titulos, inscriptaque vasa
Præmia victorum statuunt; ingentia pridem
Ruperunt loculos jam cælatoribus æra;
Fervet opus cultris tot duratura metallo
Nomina felici sculpentibus; oraque pinxit
Mira virûm, jussitque suis prostare fenestris
Institor, et grandes mirantur compita suras.
Quis non hæc propter sudaverit ultima? quis non,
Horrenti nive, quis gelido non frixerit imbri?
Quamquam tot spatiis pulmo miser usque terendus,
Tot nitendi orbes, quot dum malè nota rogaret,
Nil respondentes ille Appius alter *arabat*;
Quot sacra mane cubant per tintinnabula alumni,
Pocula quot juvenes reddunt epota disertos.
Dira laborantûm interea vox provocat agmen;
Jamque immensa virûm jactans spiramina Camus
Se negat et binis contentum millibus; ergo
Vos agite O rerum quibus inclinata recumbit
Gloria nostrarum! duplici jam rumpite cursu
Ilia, jam duplices tentigine ducite nervos!
Ite et nudati tria millia currite; et octo:
Quin potius tectorum apices conscendite summas,
Victor ut evadat certamine, quisquis ab imo
Viva pavimento salientia crura reportet.

Et quum membra adeo juvenilia tale fatiget
Certandi cacoëthes, idem nonne inficit ipsa
Ingenia, ut 'Primas' pretio quocunque requirant?
Omnia certando fiunt: et turpe relinqui est:
Nec jam res ipsas, sed rerum præmia curant.
En! juvenis, quem jam propior tortoris imago
Atque cruces turbant quas tractandas schola ponat,
Exulat immersus studiis in devia rura
Secum, nec cœtus æquales curat adire.
Haud illum, quum nauta furens, et pessima plebs est,
Grassantem aspicias *Alto* sub nocte Novembri:
Ocius insanam Quintam fugit:* ocius illo
Qui, quum prisca sui petit institor æra libelli,
Sepsit se 'quercu' trepidans, et abesse videtur.
Quippe dolet, sic fama, caput, quod fuste dolatum est,
Luminaque excruciant miseros contusa legentes.
Grande etiam certamen adest. Quæ gloria Classis,
Quos labor ille ferat fructus, tum nôris, ubi hora
Tertia præteriit scribentibus, atque magistri
Blanda requisivit vox tradere quemque papyros;
Non tamen ulla viris requies, non secius omnes
Incumbunt studio ingenti, calamusque molestos
Dat strepitus, urgente manu: juvat addere chartas,
Dumque alii scribant nugas, tot scribere et ipsum.

* Cf. Virg. *Georg.* i. 277:

'Quintam fuge: pallidus Orcus,
Eumenidesque satæ.'

Mirâ quidem prudentiâ videtur Virgilius innuere Nonarum Novembrium, qui apud nos fuit, tumultui, sævisque illis execrationibus (ὅρκοις) horrificisque leti minis, quas Duumviri vicis pacandis ægre cohibebant.

Dî cunctis Primas Classes! Tuque, optime, si vis
Esse aliquid, Quartæque tuum non addere pondus,
Nec (sortem infandam!) numeroso in *Gurgite* mergi,*
Scribe quod Austinum sapiat, Millumve dicacem:
Non hic Romuleæ tua summa peritia linguæ
Profuit, aut Graii Primas meruere lepores;
Mille solœcismos liceat fecisse Sophistam.

At tibi dura legens, non infortunia soli:
Quid juvenes, queîs contingit sub vesperis horam,
(Cogit enim matrona,) meram sorbere Boheam,
Crustulaque urbanis circumvehere uncta puellis?
Quam linguam oppressit juvenilem tempus iniquum,
Et quota captivis virgo se jactat alumnis!
Stant passim, vittati omnes, ceu victimæ ad aras,
Gurgite bombycum absorpti: tanto agmine vestis
Femina se cinxit propriæ, cohibetque regressum.
Jamque omnes nugas de tempestate locuti,
Aut vacuo capiti si quid præsentius adsit,
Expectant blandi, (jam cantatrice vocatâ,)
Haud raro auditum carmen, 'Rivumque' perennem,†
Cui finis cursus nullus datur: illa canendi

* *Gurgite.*—Fabula antiquior est, gurgitem quondam subito se aperuisse in mediâ Aulâ scholarum. Responsum datur petentibus quomodo claudatur, injiciant eò rem quam habeant vilissimam. Proinde Vice-Cancellarius lictores jussit vincire eos, qui, quum honores ambiissent, nullam tamen classem adepti essent. His in barathrum detrusis solida, ut ante, fit terra. Mos solennis inde examinatoribus traditur, quem cinctu Gabino habiti quotannis servant.—*C. V. G.*

† 'For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.'—*Tennyson.*

Prodiga percussit chordas, versante papyros
Ad nutum puero: tum immensis plausibus omnes
Finitum melos excipiunt, et singula laudant.
Tres tandem fugere horæ: tu tristior exis,
At liber: non nunc lateri tua futilis hæret
Dextera, non mancæ statuæ nunc figeris instar;
Exarsere ignes solâ non nocte vetandi,
Et lassum ingenium reficit tibi fumus avenæ.

Sollennes vero cum Commemoratio pompas
Instituit, matresque tulit, gracilesque sorores,
Cum patre quæsitam vix sufficiente crumenam,
Ne nostros, peregrine, nimis, ne despice mores.
Pauca tibi præcepta canam, quæ ferre memento.
Area si quando te ceperit ipsa Theatri,
Ne toga, ne summo quamvis textore galerus
Albescat, peregrine; color deterrimus albo est.
Multi candentis damnati crimine vestis
Explosi didicere loci non temnere divos.
Neve ubi Doctorum processit contio, et ista
Acceptura Gradus series augusta virorum,
Mireris, si tradendos stetit inter honores
Tota cohors, utcunque velint Anabathra jocari—
Emeritos Anabathra sales jaculantia cunctis:—
Neve quod eloquium fundens ad rostra Professor,
Sive erit Orator,* non exaudita locutus
Verba per adversum strepitum, vappamque jocorum,

* Scilicet Publicus.

Auditore virum jam tum plaudente, residit.
Hæc mera libertas verborum est. Attamen audent
Facta etiam.*—En! Piscem serâ de nocte Loquacem
(At non lingua valet crudelem flectere turbam)
Corripit e lymphis manus ebria patriciorum:
Ille toris miser insolitis interque cadurcos
Sternitur expirans inglorius: improba Fama
'Res haud illepida est, periit si belua' clamat:
'Quid quod adest pretium Piscis qui ponat in ore,
'"Magnaque debetur violati pœna cadurci:"
'Non hæc excusant calida et generosa juventas,
'Aurea quos turpi distinguit spira popello?'

Neve admireris, ripas ubi curritur Isis,
Atque carinarum longo ordine pompa movetur,
Si lintre excussos juvenes ante ora parentum
Videris incassum studio gestire lavandi.
Si nescis, jocus est. Ne quæras garrulus ultra,
Nam se ridiculos natos facere anxia mater,
Et veste in madidâ gaudet vidisse fluentes.

Interea quoque fœmineos mirabere cœtus,
Ut late infusâ via virgine quæque coruscet.
Tempore non alio, matre inducente, leæna
Acrior erravit vicis: per templa, per hortos,
Per loca adorandæ robiginis usque vagandum est,
Partesque assidui nomenclatoris agendæ,

* Quod fiebat per Saturnalia Commemorationis ann. MDCCCLXIII.

Insatiabilibus si vis placuisse puellis.
Et quædam, jam mane novo, stipata Theatri
In cuneis spectatur: eam chorus omnis amantûm
Plaudit inexpletum, plaudit vestemque coloremque,
Atque avias, amitamque, et totâ gente propinquas.
Mox eadem labente die festa Atria quærit
Apta choro, pendetque iterum saltantis ab armo:
Vincere Sol oriens lychnas, et fundere lucis
Dira suæ per virgineas discrimina formas,
Cornuaque et chordæ, lasso tibicine, cessant;
Illa tamen raptat, nondum satianda, per orbes
Consortem juvenem, nec custos addita mater,
Multum questa, potest retinere, nec optimus ille
Progenitor toto proflans jam pectore somnum.

At datur his olim finis, fugit ipsa leæna;
Solaque per vicos jam Longa Vacatio regnat:
Discessus juvenum satiræ tulit huic quoque metam.
Sed graviora manent, doctas si ponere frontes
Fas olim, crimenque sequi majoris abollæ.

II.

BUT the crown
Of all my life was utmost quietude:
More did I love to lie in cavern rude,
Keeping in wait whole days for Neptune's voice,
And if it came at last, hark and rejoice!
There blush'd no summer eve, but I would steer
My skiff along green shelving coasts, to hear
The shepherd's pipe come clear from aëry steep,
Mingling with ceaseless bleatings of the sheep.
And never was a day of summer shine
But I beheld its birth upon the brine:
For I would watch all night to see unfold
Heaven's gates, and Æthon snort his morning gold
Wide o'er the swelling streams: and constantly
At brim of day-tide on some grassy lea
My nets would be spread out, and I at rest.
The poor folks of the sea country I blest
With daily boon of fish most delicate:
They knew not whence this bounty, and elate
Would strew sweet flowers upon a sterile beach.

KEATS, *Endymion.*

II.

AT mihi præcipuum vitæ mortalis honorem
Pax immota dabat: nec enim mihi carior hora,
Quam quâ pendentis strato sub fornice saxi
Per longos sperata dies vox sancta profundi
Impulit arrectas dulcedine seriùs aures.
Nulla sub æstivam rubuit mihi Vespera noctem,
Quin tenui narem subvectus lintre secundum
Littoris acclives sylvas, si fistula quando
De rupe aëriâ caneret, mixtique sonarent
Assiduo balatu agni. Nec mane nitebat
Æstivo splendore dies, quin de sale lucem
Nascentem aspicerem: noctes namque usque serenas
Ducebam excubiis, dum, cœli limine aperto,
Latiùs Oceani tumidos efflaret in amnes
Mane suos ignes Phaëthon, aurumque coruscum.
Ortâ adeo vix luce, herbis mihi lina jacebant
Ad solem diffusa, at me sopor altus habebat.
Inque diem pisces, quotquot fovet ora colonis,
Delicias maris, appono: quæ munera, cuiquam
Incerti referantne deo, lætantur egeni,
Suaviaque incultam conspergunt serta per oram.

III.

SO WAS HE lifted gently from the ground,
And with their freight homeward the shepherds move
Through the dull mist, I following—when a step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view,
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty City—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cærulean sky.

WORDSWORTH.

III.

SUBLATUM lentis manibus gessere coloni,
Et tristi sub fasce domum vestigia vertunt.
Et mihi densatæ per longa volumina nubis
Sectanti, jamjamque pedes in aperta ferenti,
Panditur ante oculos species clarissima rerum,
Qualis nec vigilanti olim traluxit imago,
Nec placidum cuiquam per somnum oblata fefellit.
Namque in secessu longo immanique barathro
Ætheris, egregiæ moles apparuit Urbis:
Hæc facies mihi prima fuit ; neque nomine justo
Quid fuerit memorare licet: sic densa per auras
Tecta columnarumque ingens mihi sylva videtur
Vertier in sese, longoque reducta recessu,
Ceu splendens penetrale, incassum quærere finem.
Aurea murorum et gemmis distincta coruscat
Congeries, argento apices, et tecta domorum:
Altius assurgunt vitreas tabulata per auras
Hortorum : tum clara auro prætoria regum
Ordine collucent recto : turresque minantur
Culminibus : queîs stellanti frons dædala cinctu
Mille coloratur gemmis, longeque relucet.
Quippe suis Natura modis miracula tanta
Ipsa dabat, sparsos fingens in monstra vapores :
Quos dextrâ formabat, ubi cessere voluti
In rupes altosque sinus, montemque supinum,
Atque ibi cæruleâ posuerunt castra sub æthrâ.

IV.

SRONG god of arms! whose iron sceptre sways
The freezing north, and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,
Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honoured most;
There most: but everywhere thy power is known,
The fortune of the fight is all thine own:
Terror is thine, and wild amazement flung
From out thy chariot withers e'en the strong;
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.
Acknowledged as thou art, accept my prayer
If aught I have achieved deserve thy care:
If to my utmost power with sword and shield
I dared the death unknowing how to yield,
And falling in my rank still kept the field:
Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustained,
That she I love by conquest may be gained.

DRYDEN.

IV.

O DEUS armipotens! rigido qui jure tyrannus
Marmor Hyperboreum, qui frigore dura Trionum
Regna premis, Scythicumque gelu: cui Thracia paret
Ora, tibi quæ servat equos, tibi reddit honores
Præcipuos; quanquam nullâ non numen in orâ
Stet tibi, et arbitrio solus potiare duelli,
Te penes ille pavor belli, cui currus eunti
Heroum incusso vires terrore retundit:
Tum fusæ sine lege acies, tum cladibus instat
Dedecus, at lassas reficit vis addita turmas.
Ne tamen, ingentes adeo tibi nactus honores,
Ne nostras contemne preces: te si qua merentis
Cura mei tangit, stricto si cominus ense
Fata sequens extrema, manus dare nescius hosti
Prælia conserui, patrium neque cernuus agmen
Destitui: jam nunc oro te, magne, triumphi
Auspice dilectam bello duxisse puellam.

V.

THEN I:

'Follow me, O most miserable men!'
And, speaking, I began to foot the waste
Backward, toward the city: all the while
Fearing to look behind me, like a man
Who, being made against his will to walk
At midnight through a charnel, walks in haste,
Dogged by the unseen forms of his own fears.
I saw no cloud; and yet the winds arose.
The faint light of the unfathomable heavens,
Thick-sown with shivering stars, made the dark plain
Darker. And infinite the darkness seemed.
Sometimes cold gleams from bare gray sepulchres
And ghastly ruins broke the boundless gloom:
Sometimes, upstarting, spectral aqueducts
Ran by us, and plunged headlong down the night:
Far off, at times, the wail of windy reeds
I heard; and heard, at times, high overhead
The howlet's cry; at times, beneath my foot
The cavernous ground gave forth a hollow groan.

R. LYTTON, *Paraphrase from Krasinski.*

V.

'O MISERI ante alios, quin mecum insistite,' clamo,
'Pone viam!' Nec plura viris effatus in urbem
Vertebam per tesqua pedes: nec deinde retrorsum
Respicio, sic recta tenet mihi lumina terror:
Ceu qui defossos Manes et lurida busta
Invisens trepidus grassatur nocte per umbras,
Cogit enim sors dura, pavetque sequacia monstra,
Millia quot vanâ delusus imagine fingit.
Murmura jamque mihi, sudo tamen aëre, venti
Prima volutabant: sublimisque altius æther,
Frigidulique ignes, et stellis consita regna
Sublustri nigros contristant lumine campos,
Altior et solito nox intempesta silebat.
Jam per funereas moles et nuda tropæis
Busta nitor mediâ extrusus caligine luxit,
Jam more ingentis larvæ prope ductus aquaī
Currit, et in celeres præceps evanuit umbras.
Interdum ad ventos longe exauditur arundo
Mota queri; jam sublimis dedit acrem ululatum
Noctua, jam tellus caveis exesa remugit
Sub pedibus.

VI.

SO SPAKE he, half in anger, half in scorn:
And one long cry of grief and of amaze
Broke from his sorrowing people; so he spake;
And turning, left them there: and with brief pause,
Girt with a throng of revellers, bent his way
To the cool region of the groves he loved.
There by the river banks he wandered on
From palm-grove on to palm-grove, happy trees,
Their smooth tops shining sunwards, and beneath
Burying their unsunned stems in grass and flowers;
Where in one dream the feverish time of Youth
Might fade in slumber, and the feet of Joy
Might wander all day long and never tire.
Here came the king, holding high feast at morn,
Rose-crowned; and ever when the sun went down
A hundred lamps beamed in the tranquil gloom,
From tree to tree, all through the twinkling grove,
Revealing all the tumult of the feast,
Flushed guests, and golden goblets, foamed with wine,
While the deep-burnished foliage overhead
Splintered the silver arrows of the moon.

M. ARNOLD, *Mycerinus*.

VI.

DIXERAT, atque illum fastusque irasque locutum
Audierat populus, longusque per omne remugit
Concilium fremor, et luctu stupet inscia turba.
Ille pedem referens, hilari cingente coronâ
Cunctantes liquit; gelidamque haud immemor umbram
Dilectosque petit lucos: ibi fluminis errans
Margine perpetuo mutat palmeta meatu,
Felici nemora hospitio: queîs sole cacumen
Læve sub adverso resplendet, gramine caudix
Lucifugus penitus, densoque in flore latescit.
Qualia deposito deceat fervore Juventam
Incolere, et longos securam carpere somnos,
Inve dies lustrare, pedes neque solvere lætos.
Huc succedebat medio rex solis abacti
Curriculo, roseâ devinctus tempora vittâ,
Ducebatque dies epulis: at, sole cadente,
Inter tranquillos centum funalia lucos
Per ramos vulgata umbrisque micantia lucent,
Apparentque intus convivia læta tumultu
Jam medio, structæque dapes, atque ora bibentûm,
Et spumante auro carchesia: quæ super alto
Obtentu folia, ut fusco laqueata metallo,
Argenteas Lunæ findunt offensa sagittas.

VII.

SOME fretful tempers wince at ev'ry touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse—the drone-pipe of an humblebee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light,
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish:
He takes what he at first professed to loath,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on ev'ry plan,
Himself should work that wonder if he can—
Alas! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is—to be displeased.

COWPER, *Conversation.*

VII.

AST aliis non ulla capit tentamina molle
Ingenium: modo tu nimium, modo parcius æquo
Feceris officio, vanasque impenderis artes.
Horum igitur si cui conaberis acre locutus
Captare auriculas, perdit vox alta tenellum
Sinciput, ut strepitu magno penetrabile: voce
Si modo summissâ faris, jam plura nocebis
Improbus, et bombi lentos imitabere cantus.
Jam nimium arripiunt solem per claustra fenestræ,
Et malè sollicitus deducis vela ; sed illi
Nox ruit: hiberno jam tempore frixit, et ignes
Erigis: ambusti crimen tibi fiet amici.
Cervina in mensâ fervet; piscem ille requirit:
Si mullus ponetur, eo non surget orexis
Prima cibo: jam despectum vorat helluo piscem,
Ipsaque jam tumido præstabit dama saporem.
Triste supercilium interea, nec grata voluptas
Fit cœnæ, dum cuncta avido deglutit hiatu.
Omne perit tibi propositum, victusque residis,
Si morem gerat ipse sibi, Dîs forte benignis.
At propriam ingeminat curam miser: utque placebant
Vix studium, moresque tui, sibi non placet hilum.
Scilicet aut se ipsum semper vexare juvabit
Aut alios: ea sola homini jam gratia restat
Tu quidcunque facis, misero ingratoque videri.

VIII.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy Autumn fields.
And thinking of the days that are no more.
Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.
Ah! sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

TENNYSON, *The Princess.*

VIII.

QUID lacrymæ? quo tandem ortu volvuntur inanes?
Nescio quo luctus divini gurgite natæ
Cor illæ subiere, et obortis lumina complent
Fontibus, Autumno quoties læta arva tuentis
Acta dies subitâ pertentat imagine mentem.
Qualis enim lux suave micat per candida primùm
Carbasa ab exsilio subvecti nuntia amici,
Et quæ digressu mœsto per vela rubescit
Altera, dum condit pelagus carissima; mœsta
Sic redit illa dies, sic suavem induta colorem.
Ac velut obscurum vix experrecta sub ortum
Sæcla avium insuetos edunt morientis ad aures
Concentus—illi ante oculos miscetur inertes,
Sublustrisque natat trepido speculare fenestra—
Sic insueta dies, sic flebilis, illa recursat.

IX.

AND LO, he sat on horseback at the door!
And near him the sad nuns with each a light
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
To guard and foster her for evermore.
And while he spoke to these his helm was lowered,
To which for crest the golden Dragon clung
Of Britain; so she did not see the face,
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
Wet with the mists, and smitten by the lights,
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.
And even then he turned; and more and more
The moony vapour rolling round the King,
Who seemed the phantom of a giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

TENNYSON, *Guinevere.*

IX.

En! Rex digressu supremo limen ad ipsum
Conscendebat equum: monachæque ad frena frequentes,
Triste ministerium, stabant, dextrâque tenebat
Quæque facem: quibus ille dabat mandata, relictæ
Conjugis ut vitam curis, quam longa, foverent.
Tum galea orantis vocem demissa premebat:
Aurea cui patriæ intortum fert crista Draconem;
Nec videt illa virum, nec divino instar in ore,
Quale erat: at summum nimbo irrorante galerum,
Lychnarum adversum radiis splendere Draconem
Argumentum ingens cristæ spectabat, et altum
Latius incendi, ceu caldâ aspergine, noctem.
At rex ora abiens jam tum conversa tenebat;
Quem velut immanem mediis in Manibus umbram,
Implicuit vapor obscurâ sub luce volutus,
Orbibus involvens orbes: ille usque videnti
Nigrescit, jamque ipse cavi sub imagine nimbi
Visus in haud dubiam ex oculis incedere noctem.

X.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
  Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
  Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light
  Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
  Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
  And softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
  How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow
  So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that play, the tints that glow
  But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
  A heart whose love is innocent.

BYRON.

X.

INCEDIT formosa, ut Nox innubila quondam
  Sideream carpit clara per astra viam.
Quicquid et obscuri, quicquid sit amabile lucis,
  Omnia sic vultu miscuit illa suo,
Ut referat miti lumen sublustre nitore,
  Quo datur ardenti non radiare die.

Demseris inde jubar, sive unam appinxeris umbram,
  (Sic facies cultu non imitanda nitet ;)
Dimidio perit illa comis quæ gratia fuscis
  Fluctuat, et placidâ luce per ora subit :—
Ora bonæ mentis suaves referentia motus,
  Et sanctam, ingenio subter alente, domum.

Inque genis, frontemque super tam molle comantem,
  Tam plenam eloquio, quamlibet ipsa silet,
Risus amabiliter ludens, visque illa colorum,
  Indicat exactos simplicitate dies ;
Indicat immotæ quæ sit concordia mentis,
  Virginis ut puro pectore manet amor.

XI.

AT the last limits of our isle,
Washed by the western wave,
Touched by thy fate, a thoughtful bard
Sits lonely on thy grave.

Pensive he eyes, before him spread,
The deep outstretched and vast;
His mourning notes are borne away
Along the rapid blast.

And while, amid the silent dead,
Thy hapless fate he mourns,
His own long sorrows freshly bleed,
And all his grief returns.

Like thee, cut off in early youth
And flower of beauty's pride,
His friend, his first and only joy,
His much-loved Stella, died.

Him, too, the stern impulse of Fate
Resistless bears along;
And the same rapid tide shall whelm
The poet and the song.

XI.

INSULA longinquum qua se subducit in æquor,
  Obviaque occiduo volvitur unda sinu,
Questus ibi tua fata, fideli pectore vates
  Assidet et tumulum solus et ossa colit.

Dumque sedet, pelageque alta immensasque profundi
  Fixus in obtutu tristè tuetur aquas,
Increpuit quiddam chordis: at flebile carmen
  Per freta correptum flamina rauca ferunt.

Te Manes inter tacitos sectatur, et audet
  Ah miserè abrepti plangere fata tua:
At sua sarta parum crudescunt vulnera eunti,
  Et desiderium jam vetus omne redit.

Namque tuos imitata dies, eademque secuta
  Fata, juventutis flore decora novo,
Ipsa etiam primos Stella immatura per annos
  Sola viri consors deliciæque perît.

Jamque illum, cantantem adeò, vis improba Fati
  Non exorandam cogit abire viam:
Sic et vatem ipsum et quæ verba novissima fundit
  Unda feret rapidis una eademque fretis.

XII.

FAREWELL! on wings of sombre stain
That blacken in the last blue skies
Thou fly'st; but thou wilt come again
On the gay wings of butterflies.
Spring on thy approach will sprout
Her new Corinthian beauties out,
Leaf-woven homes, where twitter words
Will grow to songs, and eggs to birds.
Ambitious buds shall swell to flowers
And April smiles to sunny hours;
Bright days shall be, and gentle nights,
Full of soft breath and echo lights,
As if the god of suntime kept
His eyes half open while he slept.
Roses shall be where roses were
Not shadows, but reality;
As if they never perished there
But slept in immortality.
Nature shall thrill with new delight,
And Time's relumined river run
Warm as young blood, and dazzling bright
As if its source was in the Sun.

T. HOOD, *The Departure of Summer.*

XII.

JAMQUE vale! ferrugineis si discolor alis
Ultima per cœli cærula radis iter,
At, Dea, te rursus lucentia papilionum
Millia deducent, turba corusca, domum.
Cujus in adventum Ver omnia trudet ad auras,
Quanta columnarum germina fundit apex.
Frondiferasque avium sedes, ubi tenuia quondam
Ora melos, pullos ova reclusa dabunt.
Induet in florem sese tum gemmea pubes,
Sudior explebit Phœbus Aprile jubar;
Tum nitidi soles, tum noctibus aura sub almis
Lenis, et incertum lux imitata diem,
Sicut et in somnis vigilarent ipsa Diurni
Lumina, non omni condita parte, Dei.
En! iterum biferis recidiva rosaria in hortis
Florebunt veris non simulata comis,
Qualia per brumam non ulli obnoxia damno
Credideris tutâ viva quiete frui.
Tum pertentabunt mundum nova gaudia, et Anni
Flumina, ceu quondam, luce refecta ruent,
Ut micat in venis sanguis novus, utque corusco
Funditur a solis fonte perenne jubar.

XIII.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
  To vex with shrieks the quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here
  And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
  No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
  In tempest shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
  For thee the tear be duly shed,
Beloved till Life can charm no more,
  And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

XIII.

AT, dilecta, tuum ad tumulum, sine marmore gramen,
  Rite manus juvenum virgineæque ferent
Florea primitias quot odorum parturit hora,
  Veris et arripient suaveolentis opes.

Non planctu immissi Manes, non voce molestâ
  Audebunt luci jus violare tui ;
Rustica sed veniet pubes, et prodet amanti
  Plurima secretam victa puella fidem.

Non anus insistetve venefica, larva vel istum
  Nocturnos ducet per nemus ulla choros;
At Lemurum manus alma sacris operabitur herbis,
  Induet et roris gemmea dona solum.

Quin pia gaudebit de nocte rubecula primâ
  Tenue ministerium suppeditâsse tibi:
Et strue canentis musci, rostroque coactis
  Floribus ornabit teque tuumque torum.

Horrisonis quoties ventis, atque imbre crepanti
  Agrestem casulam turbida vexat hiems;
Seu medios inter diversa per æquora cursus,
  Te mens pastorum, te pia cura colet.

Te loca rursum oculis, quæ semotissima reddent
  Rite tibi juvenum lacryma prona cadet;
Quem dum Vitæ aderit quid amabile, restat amare,
  Plangere dum Pietas ipsa superstes erit.

XIV.

WE left behind the painted buoy
  That tosses at the harbour mouth,
And madly danced our hearts for joy
  As fast we fleeted to the south;
How fresh was every sight and sound
  On open main or winding shore;
We knew the merry world was round
  And we might sail for evermore.

How oft we saw the sun retire,
  And burn the threshold of the night,
Fall from his ocean-lane of fire,
  And sleep beneath his pillared light.
How oft the purple-skirted robe
  Of twilight slowly downward drawn,
As thro' the slumber of the globe
  Again we dashed into the dawn!

New stars all night above the brim
  Of waters lightened into view;
They climbed as quickly, for the rim
  Changed every moment as we flew;
Far ran the naked moon across
  The houseless ocean's heaving field,
Or flying shone, the silver boss
  Of her own halo's dusky shield.

XIV.

DESERIMUS Pharon, et nautas arcentia signa,
  Quæ fluitant brevibus versicolora vadis;
Lætitiâque micant corda exsultantia, ponti
  Ultima dum sequimur regna Notumque fugâ;
Queîs curvum littus, pelagusve legentibus altum
  Cuncta sonos, facies cuncta dedere novas;
Nec festæ nos meta viæ, finisque vagandi
  Continet; æternum sufficit orbis iter.

Sæpius ah! solem tum condebamus in altum,
  Quum sero Hesperias ureret igne fores,
Atque suæ lucis medio de calle cadentem
  Flammarum premeret longa columna deum.
Sæpius et roseâ prætexta crepuscula luce
  Lapsa videbamus desuper usque trahi,
Quum pelagi prævecta latus sub nocte quietum
  Præripit Auroram nostra carina novam.

En! nova continuo noctem, quam longa, supremo
  Æquore ab undarum sidera clara ruunt;
Ut cita conscendunt æthram, sic limes aquai
  Limitem in alternum, nave volante, cadit.
Luna etiam inculti trans arva undantia ponti,
  Nuda aciem, longam præcipitare viam;
Seu fugiens parmæ velut umbo argenteus atræ
  Orbis inardebat cincta vapore sui.

The peaky islet shifted shapes,
  High towns on hills were dimly seen,
We past long lines of northern capes,
  And dewy northern meadows green.
We came to warmer waves, and deep
  Across the boundless east we drove,
Where those long swells of breaker sweep
  The nutmeg rocks and isles of clove.

By peaks that flamed, or all in shade
  Gloomed the low coast, and quivering brine
With ashy rains, that spreading made
  Fantastic plume or sable pine;
By sands, and steaming flats, and floods
  Of mighty mouth we scudded fast,
And hills, and scarlet-mingled woods
  Gleamed for a moment as we past.

O hundred shores of happy climes,
  How swiftly streamed ye by the bark!
At times the whole sea burned; at times
  With wakes of fire we tore the dark:
At times a carven craft would shoot
  From havens hid in fairy bowers,
With naked limbs, and flowers and fruit,
  But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers.

Vidimus et formas scopulorum culmina in omnes
  Vertere, et obscuris oppida celsa jugis ;
Propter et Arctoas vecti longo ordine cautes,
  Prataque quæ gelido rore rigata virent.
Immensum jam nacti Oriens et mollius æquor
  Ultima pernici scindimus ære freta,
Quà caryis sata saxa et aromate littus odorum
  Proluit immani longior unda sinu.

Interdum ruptis juga celsa ardere caminis,
  Littora vel nimbo sternere quassa suo,
Dum cinis in pinus faciem curvata comantis
  Vulturis ut tetri spargitur ala polo.*
Propter arenarum tractus, camposque tepentes,
  Ostiaque effusis prævehimur fluviis ;
Et colles mixtoque rubentes murice saltus
  Hausimus oblatum lumine quemque brevi.

O quota tum tellus, quot ditia littora præter
  Flumine ceu celeri lapsa nitere ratem!
Jam vulgo ardescit pelagus, vestigia cæcis
  Ignea jam signat rapta carina fretis.
Jamque sinus linquens Nympharumque antra reducta,
  Emicuit parvæ sculptile lintris opus,
Pomaque deliciasque ultro floresque vehebat:
  At dona inceptum nulla morantur iter.

* Plini *Epist.* vi. 16: Nubes, incertum procul intuentibus ex quo monte (Vesuvium fuisse postea cognitum est), oriebatur, cujus similitudinem et formam non alia magis arbor quam pinus expresserit. Nam longissimo velut trunco elata in altum quibusdam ramis diffundebatur, credo, quia recenti spiritu evecta, dein senescente eo destituta aut etiam pondere suo victa in latitudinem vanescebat.

For one fair Vision ever fled
  Down the waste waters day and night;
And still we followed where she led,
  In hope to gain upon her flight.
Her face was evermore unseen,
  And fixt upon the far sea line;
But each man murmured 'O my Queen
  I follow till I make thee mine.'

TENNYSON, *The Voyage.*

Namque fugax visa est, specie pulcherrima, Quædam
  Cedere per vastas nocte dieque vias:
Hanc avidi—spes urget enim prævertere euntem—
  Insequimur miram per freta longa ducem.
Nec tamen et vultum fas aspexisse: supremo
  Ora tenet semper limine fixa salis:
Quæ voto optantes mussamus quisque: 'Magistra
  Tu, Diva, errandi, tu mihi finis eris.'

XV.

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,
So loud with voices of the birds,
So thick with lowings of the herds,
Day, when I lost the flower of men;

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles fast
By meadows breathing of the past,
And woodlands holy to the dead;

Who murmurest in the foliaged caves
A song that slights the coming care,
And Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
To myriads on the genial earth,
Memories of bridal or of birth,
And unto myriads more, of death.

O wheresoever those may be,
Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
To-day they count as kindred souls;
They know me not, but mourn with me.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

XV.

SIC tu resurgis, lux mihi lugubris,
Quâ morte raptus flos periit virûm ?
Tot carmen argutum volucrum,
Totque boum tulit aura voces ?

Sic rupta nimbi murice luridi
Micas scatenti in vortice rivuli,
Qui prata defuncto sacrata
Prævehitur, memoresque lucos

Ævi prioris ? siccine in ædium
Frondente tecto murmura succinis,
Oblita venturæque pestis,
Utque linat vagus igne frondes

Auctumnus ; almisque halitibus mones
Diversa mundo millia nuptias
Lucesque natales ; vel acta
Funera commemoras amicûm ?

O quot dolentes terra animas polos
Inter quietos dissociaverit,
Angore non discorde nostro
Casum hodie sibi quæque luget.

XVI.

O SWALLOW, swallow, flying, flying south,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

O tell her, swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the south,
And dark and true and tender is the north.

O swallow, swallow, if I could follow and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And chirp and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in
And lay me in her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle, till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

O tell her, swallow, that thy brood is flown.
Say to her I do but wanton in the south,
But in the north long since my nest is made.

XVI.

O QUÆ tendis iter plagas ad Austri
Hirundo, super aureum residens
Tectum, quæ refero tibi volanti
Nostris deliciis refer puellæ.
Cui tu—nam pariter Notique et Austri
Nôsti temperiem—tenebricosum
Hunc dicas, stabilem fide, benignum,
Illum flammiferum, trucem, infidelem.
Quodsi radere tecum iter liceret,
Lapsus per patulam illius fenestram
Ultro carmina mille pipilarem,
Æternum liquidos canens amores.
Si nunc induerem alitem figuram
Ut me sub gremium foveret illa
Exceptum, niveas vibrante sursum
Cunas pectore, donec interirem!
Cur desiderio indui recusat
Pectus, qualis ubi novos amictus,
Quamvis sylva comis virescat omnis,
De tot fraxinus una demoratur?
Pullos jam volucres refer peregre
Aufugisse tuos; mihique dudum
Liber qui modo luderem per Austrum,
Structum sub Boreâ latere nidum.

O tell her brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the north,
And brief the moon of beauty in the south.

O swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her and pipe and woo her and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

TENNYSON, *The Princess.*

Dic illi breve tempus esse vitæ,
At durare diu doceto amorem;
Hic æstate brevem nitere solem,
Illic nocte brevem micare lunam.
O quæ deseris aureas hirundo
Sylvas, dulcisono ambitu locuta,
Nostras argue nuptias puellæ,
Ipsum me cito nuntians sequentem.

XVII.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art—
They strike mine eye, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

XVII.

QUORSUM munditiis studere semper
Convivæ similem, comasque odore
Semper pulvereo, linique nardo?
Quamvis principia artium latescunt,
Tamen, Cynthia, nonnihil verendum est,
Sincerum ut niteas, probeque fragres.

Mallem te faciem referre, qualis
Cultum simpliciorem honestet ipsa:
Mallem te proprios dedisse crines
Passos sic temere, stolamque laxam.
Hæc mî valdius Arte blandiuntur:
Quæ, si lumina tentat illecebris,
At non intima tangit usque corda.

XVIII.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt;
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare your selves; for he is coming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good array
Fit for so joyfull day:
The joyfullst day that ever sunne did see.

* * * * * *

Loe where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe from her chamber of the east,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best,
So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.

XVIII.

PROPRIUM mutat mea nupta limen :
Virgines, linguis tacitis favete !
Integrique O vos pueri, satelles
Turba mariti,

Ordine expectate virum parato,
Et diem justo celebrate cultu,
Lætior quâ non subit ulla claram
Luminis oram.

* * * * *

En ! ut incessu graditur severo
Illa, lætantûm comitata cœtu !
Qualis emensura polum diurnis
Cursibus Eos

Deserit splendens thalamum, propinquat
Candidum velamen amicta virgo:
Cœlitum credas aliquam relicto
Fulgere Olympo;

Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;
And being crowned with a girland greene,
Seem lyke some mayden queene.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proude.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

SPENSER, *Epithalamium.*

Sic sinus castam decuere formam:
Aureique instar fluit involucri
Flava cervicem coma per venustam,
Aurea fila

Crinium tractu referens: et inter
Vitreo fulsere colore gemmæ,
Atque gemmantûm redolet per omnem
Copia florum.

Quin premunt frondes caput, ut corolla
Principem pagi viridis puellam;
Lumen at defixa solo pudicum
Illa virorum

Fugit adversos oculos; suasque
Audiens laudes rubuit dicari,
Quas tot ingenti pueri et puellæ
Voce celebrent.

Sic malo mentis caret illa fastu:
Ne tamen clarum reticete carmen,
Donec a sylvâ referatur omni
Vocis imago.

XIX.

LAUS ELEPHANTI.

(Versiculi aliquot carminis in feras hominum arte domitas conscripti.)

AT neque montanas acuens vis ignea tigres,
Nec tibi cornipedum certaret robur equorum
Laude, Elephas memorande ; tibi prædator agrestis
Cedit aper, rabidique assurgunt jure leones.
Grandia enim quoties moliris pondera crurum,
Plantâque immani terram premis, intremere omnis
Visus ager, longumque dedit sylva ima fragorem.
Nescio quem montem turritis ire columnis
Aut Rhodium credas lucos habitare Colosson,
Tantâ mole gigas collisam proterit herbam !
Ille tamen captus nostro non defuit usu :
Tædia seu patitur, vestitus murice dorsum,
Dura viæ, stimuloque aurigæ pungitur acri :
Seu docilis movet ignaros in retia fratres

Ipse suos: seu bellator supereminet ingens
Ferratas acies, et eburnea porrigit arma.
Tum gravidam gestans armato milite turrim
Exaudit mugire tubas: quæ murmura lætus
Haurit, et adversas vasto metit impete turmas.

XX.

THE WRESTLER AND THE CLOWN.

A DORIC POEM (B.C. 545).

Ἄισσεν ἀπὸ πρῴραθεν ἐϋσκάρθμοιο τριήρους
Κύματα μαιμαίροντα καὶ ἁλμυρὸν ἔπτυεν ἄχναν·
Ἐν δ' Αἴγων οἰκόνδε παλίσσυτος ἦνθ' ἀπὸ Πίσας—
Αἴγων ὁ πρὶν ἄνωθεν ἐν ὤρεσι τοὺς βόας ἄρδων,
Ἦνθε δὲ χὠ Μίλων στεφανηφόρος· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαίτας
Ἄνερος ἀθλήταο λιγὺς πνοιαῖσιν ἀπαντῶν
Λὶψ κότινον φρίσσεσκε· κάρα δ' ἔκλιν' ἐπ' ἀγοστῷ
Ὤτερος, ἄτρεμας αἶεν ἰδὼν ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον·
Ὣς δ' ἄρα κερτομίῳ τὸν σύμπλοον ἤρεθε μύθῳ·

Αἲ αἴ· τίς με λύκος γὰρ ἐσέδρακεν ὀρθρεύοντα,*
Ἄματι τῷ, Μίλων, ὑπ' ἐϋσκίῳ ὄκκα Λατύμνῳ
Τοὺς κεράους εὗρές με βόας σεύοντ' ἐπὶ κράναν!
Ἦ, τάλαν, οὐ μέμνασ', ὡς, σίαλον ὣν ἅτε τρίβων,
Ἅπτεο τοῦ λασιοῦ με βραχίονος, ἅπτεο τ' ὤμων,
Αἴνης δ' ἶν' ἀπέλεθρον· ἐγὼ δέ τοι, ὄγκον ἀείρας,
Αὐτόθεν ὡμάρτευν ἐς τὰν πόλιν· ἔν τε παλαίστρᾳ
Γυμνωθεὶς διέτριβον, ὁ βώκολος; αἲ αἴ, ὄκ οὔ με
Κρᾶθις† ἐπίκλυζεν, πρὶν ὀλέθριον ὦσδον ἀλεῖφαρ,
Οἷον νῦν ἐπίχαρμα μετ' ἠϊθέοισι τέτυγμαι!

* 'Lupi Mœrin videre priores.'—Virg. *Ecl.* ix.
† The river of his native Croton.

Τὸν δ' αὖ λάθρα γελῶν ὑπολαμβάνει ἤρεμα Μίλων·
Θάρσει ὅμως, φίλ' ἕταιρε· τάχ' ὕστερον ἀγριελαίω
Χρύσεα φύλλ' ἐπιθήσῃ·* ἀνέλπιστον δέ τι θρῆνος·
Καὶ μὰν ἐν δείπνοισιν, ἐμὶν δοκεῖ, οὐ τύ γ' ἐν ἄλλοις
Ὕστατος ἀθλήταισιν, ἀνάσσατος δὲ μάλ' ἦσθα·
Ὅσσους μοι τυρόεντας ἐδείπνεες, ὅσσα τυ μᾶλα!
Οὐ δὴ μαψιδίως τὼ σὼ χέρε τεῖνδέ γα νώμᾳς,
Οὔδε κά τις πανὺ φλαῦρα τὰ νήδυος ἔργ' ὀνομάζοι.

ÆGON.

Παίσδων οὐκ ἔλαθές με· κακῶς δὲ καὶ ἔσχατ' ὄλοιο,
Σχέτλι', ἀναμνάσας μ' ἐπὶ πήματι πῆμα νεῶρες!
Ὄμμασι γὰρ ποίοισι ποτιβλέψω πατέρ' ἀμόν;
Ματρί τε γηραλέᾳ τίνα κεν τίνα μῦθον ἐνίψω,
Ἄνιχ' ἐρωτήσεσθον ἀμειβόμενον δόμου οὐδόν·
'Πᾶ ποκ' ὄϊς, Αἴγων, ἃς εἴκατι † κλέψας ἀνήγου;
Τὰς μὲν ἄρ εὖ πάσας ἀφανιξέμεν ἄμμιν ἐμέλλες·
Κύδους δ' οὐ τεύξεσθαι, ὃ μυρίον ἄμμιν ὑπέστας·
Φεῦ φεῦ· παῖ ἀνιαρέ, πανώλεθρε· θᾶσαι ἂν ὕλαν,
Ἂν δ' ὄρος ἐσχάτιον, ποττῶ Διός, ὡς κατατρύχει
Νοῦσος τὰν ἀγέλαν, χὼ πύῤῥιχος οἷα πέπραγεν·
Σχῆμά τι, κοὐ ταῦρον, φαίης κά νιν· ἔς τε χαράδρας
Μόσχοι ἀποπλαγχθέντες ἄνευ σέθεν ἤριπον αὐτῶς·
Πάντα δ' ὁμοῦ θρηνεῖ τὸν βώκολον οἷον ἐφεῦρεν.'
Τώ γ' ἐμὲ τῶς δέξεσθον, ἅπας δὲ γελάξει ὁ δᾶμος.

* θαμὰ Ὀλυμπιάδων φύλλοις ἐλαιᾶν χρυσέοις μιχθείς.—Pindar.

† Theocritus, iv. 10.

MILO.

Καὶ πῶς, ὦ φθονερὸν τύ, δεῖ ἄκρατες ὧδε γοᾶσθαι;
Ἠ κα τὸ μεμνᾶσθαι μᾶλλον πρέπεν, ὅσσ' ἐδίδασκον,
Ἀστυκά, κοὐκ ἀγροῖκα,—παλαίσματα, κλίμακας, ὤσεις·
Τέχνᾳ τοι κἠγὼν πύκτας ἄκρος ἐξεγενήθην.

ÆGON.

Χρηστῶς τᾶς τέχνας, χρηστῶς μάλα, τᾶμος ἐπαῦρον,
Εὖτε Τιτόρμω * γ' ἄντα πελωρίω, ὅς με λέλογχεν,
Πυγμαχίαν συνέμισγον, Ὀλυμπίκω ἔνδοθ' ἀγῶνος·
Βάλλον δ' αὖ πάντως ἀνεμώλιον, ἔκ τε μετώπω
Ἱδρώς μευ κοχύδεσκε, ῥύαξ ἅτε πύρφορος Αἴτνας·
Κἄστην δὴ πληγαῖς μεθύων· καὶ πάντ' ἐκύκλωτο,
Ἕλληνες, στάδιόν τε, καὶ Ἄλφεος ἀργυροδίνης·
Ἠ που πόλλα θεῷ Πολυδεύκεϊ, πόλλα δ' Ἀθάνᾳ
Ἠράμην, ὅκ' ὀδόντας ἔχων καὶ τρεῖς ἀπεχωροῦν.

MILO.

Δεινὰ τὺ θήν, ναὶ Μοῖρας· ἀγυμνάστῳ μαλ' ἐώκεις·
Ὀψιμάθης τις ἀεὶ τύ, φίλ' Αἴγων, τίς τ' ἐπιλάσμων·
Ἀλλὰ χρόνῳ γὰρ ταῦτα μελήσεται· οὗτος ἅπαντα
Ἐς τέλος ὤφειλεν· τί γάρ; ἄνερος, ὅς ρα δίαυλον
Νίκασεν, μέμνασαι;

* Herod. vi. 127.—Τιτόρμου τοῦ ὑπερφύντος τε Ἕλληνας ἰσχύϊ, καὶ φυγόντος ἀνθρώπους ἐς τὰς ἐσχατιὰς τῆς Αἰτωλίδος χώρης.

ÆGON.

ἀκμάν γ' ἐγώ· ὡς ὁ μελιχρὸς
Ἴθυσεν πεδίοιο, πρόσω δ' ἔφθαξεν ἑταίρους·
Ἶνες δ' ἐν κνάμᾳ καλλισφύρῳ, οἷαι Ἄλεντος
Χοιράδες ἐν δίναισιν ὑπόβρυχοι, ἔσταν ἐναργεῖς,
Θεσπέσιόν τι θέαμα· καὶ ὡς δρόμον ἄνυε γραμμαῖς
Ἐν πυμάταις, ὡς πάντες ἐπεπλατάγησαν ἀολλεῖς!
Ποίων δ' ἐκ προγόνων, ποία τέ ἑ θρέψεν ἄρουρα;

MILO.

Ἔντι Διακτορίδας Σκοπαδᾶν γένος·* ὃς μελετάσκεν
Πολλὰ μὲν ἀμπέδιον Κραννώνιον, ἐς δέ τε Πῖσαν
Πόλλ' εἷρπεν, πρὰν τῆνο κομαῖς ἀναδάσατ' ἄεθλον·
Καὶ νῦν Κλεισθένεος Σικυωνίω ἐν μεγάροισι,
Γυμνασίῳ κἀν δαῖτι, πανήμερον ἀμφ' Ἀγαρίστας,
Αὐτὸς ἐὼν μναστὴρ τρισκαιδέκατος, ποτερίσδει·—
Οὔ τοι σμικρὸς ἀγὼν ἀρετῆς ἕνεκ' οὐδ' ἀκονιτί.

ÆGON.

Ἥσθην δὴ μεγαλωστί, παναγύρει ἅνιχα μέσσᾳ
Ἄνερας ἐς Σικυῶνα λίγυς προκαλέσσαθ' ὁ κᾶρυξ·
Ἦνθον γὰρ κἠγών, ἦνθον, ναὶ Πᾶνα, μετ' ἄλλοις,
Αἴκα μὴ Αἰτωλεὺς ὠλέθριος ὧδέ μ' ἄφυσσεν.†

MILO.

Βῶς ποκ' ἀτιμαγέλασεν ἔσω πόλιν·‡ ἀλλά, φίλ' Αἴγων,

* Herod. vi. 127. † Herod. vi. 126.

‡ A Greek proverb for some strange event (βοῦς ἐν πόλει).

Τόσσον λᾶθος ἔχει σ' Ἀμαρυλλίδος, ἇς ποκ' ἐράσθης;
Αὐλῶ θ', ὧ τὺ κορᾷ ποκ' ἐν ὤρεσι ποππυλίασδες;

ÆGON.

Μῖλον, ἐλαφρὰ τὰ πάντ' ἀποδημήσαντί γ' ἔγεντο·
Τοῦτο τὸ φάρμακόν ἐστιν ἀμαχανέοντος ἔρωτος·
Νῦν δ', ὁ πρὰν γὰρ ἔρως οἰστρεῖ πάλιν οἴκαδ' ἰόντα,
Τίς μοι τῖς θέλξις καταλείπεται; ὅν τ' ἀπὸ Πίσας
Ἧκοντ' οὔτε λόγω τινὸς ἄξιον, οὔτ' ὀνομαστόν,
Σκώψεται οἶδ' ὅτι τήνα, ὅτ' ἀλιθίαν ὁδὸν εἶρπον.

MILO.

Θάρσει γ'· οὐ γὰρ πᾶσ' ἀδαμαντίνα· ἀλλά τυ γὰρ πρὰν
Ἄγρια δὴ κἀγροῖκα λαλῶν τὰν παῖδ' ἐφοβάσας,
Θαύματά κα λέξειας, ἃ πανδόκος Ἆλις ἐφαῖνεν,
Τὸ στάδιον, τοὺς Ζᾶνας,* εὔπυργόν τε τὸν Ἄλτιν·
Πομπάς τ' ἐν τᾷ νυκτὶ θέρευς μέσω· εὖτε Σελάνα
Καλὸν ἐπ' Ἀλφεῖον φέγγος χέε, καλὸν ἐφ' ὕλαν.
Ταῦτα χρὴ μύθισδεν ἐρωτύλῳ ἄνδρα παλαιστάν.

ÆGON.

Ναὶ Δᾶν, καὶ δεῖπνον τὸ θεωρικὸν ἐν Πρυτανείῳ,
Ὃν τὺ τόκ' οἵ τ' ἄλλοι νικάφοροι ἔνδοι ἔλεσθε.

MILO.

Καὶ ποτιδών τυ θύρασιν ἐτάκεο· καί τι τελευτῶν
Κρῆς μέγα φωράθης σιτεύμενος· ἀλλ' ἄγ', ἀνάστας·

* The statues of Zeus in the Altis.

Αδε Κρότων ἀνὰ κῦμα· πόλεως ὅδε, θᾶσαι, ὁ κρήμιος.

Ἦ, καὶ δείελον ἤδη ἐπήλυθεν ἐκ Δίος ἦμαρ,
Κὴξ ὀρέων διὰ λαῖτμα μακραὶ σκιαὶ ἐκτετανύντο·
Χὰ σῦριγξ ἐρεταῖς μέλος ἄχειν· ἁ δὲ τριήρης
Πρῶνα θοῶς ὑπέκαμπτε, βαθύν τ' εἰσέδραμε κόλπον.

XXI.

BIRD of the greenwood
  O why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
  Flowers bloom not near.
All the sweet water
  Far hence is at play,
Bird of the greenwood
  Away, away!

Where the mast quivers
  Thy place will not be,
As midst the waving
  Of wild-rose and tree.
How shouldst thou battle
  With storm and with spray.
Bird of the greenwood
  Away, away!

Or art thou seeking
  Some brighter land
Where by the south wind
  Vine leaves are fanned?
Midst the wild billow
  Why then delay?
Bird of the greenwood
  Away, away!

XXI.

Ὕλης ἔνοικε χλωρᾶς
Ὄρνις, τί δ' ἔνθαδ' ἥκεις;
ἄνθη γὰρ οὐ πρόχειρα,
οὐδ' ἔνθα φύλλα θρώσκει·
ἀπόπροθεν δ' ἄναλμον
ὕδωρ τὸ πᾶν καχλάζει·
ὕλης ἔνοικε χλωρᾶς,
χρή σ' ἐκπόδων ἀπᾴσσειν.

Πάλλων γὰρ οὐ παρέξει
ἕδραν βέβαιον ἱστός,
οἵαν δονούμεν' αὔραις
τὰ δένδρα καὶ ῥοδῶνες·
τί δὴ πάθῃς ζάλαισι
ὄμβρῳ τε δυσμαχοῦσα;
ὕλης ἔνοικε χλωρᾶς,
χρή σ' ἐκπόδων ἀπᾴσσειν.

Ἀλλ' ἦ προσήλιον γῆν
ζητούμενος παρέπτης,
ἵν' ἠρέμ' ἀμπελώνων
σείει νότος τὰ φύλλα·
τί δὴ πολεῖς βραδύνων
ἀμείλιχον τόδ' οἶδμα;
ὕλης ἔνοικε χλωρᾶς,
χρή σ' ἐκπόδων ἀπᾴσσειν.

XXII.

Vernon. I SAW young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come:
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.

SHAKESPEARE, *First Part of King Henry IV.* Act IV. Scene I.

XXII.

O. Νεανίαν δ' ἐσεῖδον, Ἕρρικον λέγω,
πλευράς τε καὶ πρόσωπον ἐξωπλισμένον,
καὶ πάντ' ἀκριβῶς ἐς μάχην κεκασμένον·
ὡς δ' ἥλλετ' ἐκ γῆς ἀρτίπους, πτερωτὸς ὣς
Ἕρμης, ἐς ἕδραν θ' ἱππικὴν καθέζετο,
σκῆψαι χαμᾶζε δαιμόνων φαίης τινὰ
οἷόν θ' ὅμως φλέγοντα Πήγασον στρέφειν
σπεύδειν τ' ἄπο ῥυτῆρος ἐν πείρᾳ δρόμου,
δεικνύνθ' ἅπασιν ἱππικῆς κλεινὰν χάριν.
Ω. *μὴ δῆτα τόνδε μὴ σὺ μηκύνῃς λόγον·*
πλεῖον γὰρ ἦρος ἢ τὸ φῶς δυσήλιον
ἔπαινος οὗτος ἡμὶν ἐνθρέψει νόσους·
οἱ δ' οὖν ἰόντων· θῦμα δ' ὥσπερ ἄρτιον
Ἄρει πυρώπῳ πάντας εὖ κνισωμένους
σφαγαῖς τε φοινιχθέντας ἐντυνώμεθα.

XXIII.

ECSTASY!

My pulse, as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word: which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.
It will but skim and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption ruining all within
Infects unseen.

Hamlet, Act III. Scene IV

XXIII.

Τί φῄς τόδ'; ἦ μ' ἐκστάντα τῶν φρενῶν λέγεις;
καὶ μὴν τό γ' αἷμα τοὐμόν, ὡς τὸ σόν, ῥοπῇ
ἴσῃ φορεῖται, κοὔτι πλημμελὲς πέλει·
οὔ τοι νοσοῦντ' ἔλεξα ταῦτ' ἔπη· τί γάρ;
εἰς πεῖραν ἐλθὼν αὖθις ἐνδατούμενος
τὸ πᾶν διεξέλθοιμ' ἄν· ἀλλ' ὅ γ' ἐμμανὴς
παίζων ἂν ἐκτράποιτο τῶν πρόσθεν λόγων·
πρὸς ταῦτα, μῆτερ, σ' ἄντομαι, πρὸς σῇ φρενὶ
μὴ δὴ προσάψῃς χρίσμα μαλθακὸν τόδε,
ὡς οὐ τάδ' ἡ σὴ φθέγγεται πονηρία
μᾶλλον δ' ἐμὸν λύσσημα· τίς γὰρ ἀμπέχειν
κακῶν ὕπουλον ἕλκος ὠφέλησις ἦν,
εἰ λοιμὸς ἔνδον ἀσκόποις ὀρύγμασιν
πρόπαν μιαίνων σῶμ' ἐλάνθανεν πάλαι;

XXIV.

Aëcius. GET you from me!
Is not the doom of Cæsar on this body?
Do I not bear my last hour here now sent me?
Am not I old Aëcius ever-dying?
You think this tenderness and love you bear me,
'Tis treason and the strength of disobedience,
And if ye tempt me further ye shall feel it.
I seek the camp for safety! when my death,
Ten times more glorious than my life and lasting
Bids me be happy! let the fool fear dying.
Aëcius is not now to learn to suffer.
If ye dare shew a just affection, kill me;
I wait but those that must. Why do ye weep?
Am I so wretched to deserve men's pities?
Go give your tears to those who lose their worths,
Bewail their miseries: for me wear garlands,
Drink wine, and much; sing pæans to my praise:
I am to triumph, friends, and more than Cæsar,
For Cæsar fears to die: I love to die.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Valentinian.*

XXIV.

Ἔρρετ' ἐκποδών·
Οὐχ οἱ κρατοῦντες ψῆφον ὥρισαν φόνου,
ὥσθ' ὕστατον τόδ' ἦμαρ ὀφθαλμοῖς ὁρᾶν;
ἆρ' οὐχ ὁ θνήσκων αἰὲν ἐν βίῳ γέρων
Ἀήτιος πέφυκα; προσφιλῶς ἐμοὶ
δοκεῖτε δήπου ταῦτα νῦν παραινέσαι,
ἔργῳ δ' ἀπειθεῖς ἔστε κἄπιστοι θρόνοις·
κλαίοντες αὖθις ταῦτα νουθετήσετε·
σκηνὰς ἔγωγε καὶ φυγὴν σωτηρίαν,
εὖτ' ἀστενάκτως αὐτίκ' ἂν τοῦ πρὶν βίου
κλέος θ' ὑπερβάλοιμι καὶ μνήνην θανών!
θανατὸν προταρβεῖν ἄφρονος· παθὼν δ' ἐγὼ
οὐ νῦν τὸ πρῶτον καρτερεῖν διδάξομαι·
ἀλλ' εἰ φιλεῖτέ μ' οἷα δὴ φιλεῖν πρέπει
φονεύσαθ'· οἷς γὰρ τοῦτ' ἀναγκαῖον μένω·
τί δὴ μαθόντες κλαίετ'; ἆρ' ὧδ' ἀθλίως
ἔχων δίκαιός εἰμι δακρύων τυχεῖν;
τοὺς μὲν στερέντας τοῦ πρὶν ἀξιώματος
οἵᾳ ξύνεισι πημόνῃ δακρύετε;
ἐμοῦ δὲ μᾶλλον τοῦ θανουμένου χάριν
κλάδοις στέφεσθε, πίνετ' ἀμπέλου γάνος,
εὔφημα παιανίζεθ' ὡς νικηφόρῳ·
νίκης ἔγωγε Καίσαρος μᾶλλον κυρῶ·
κεῖνος γὰρ ὀκνεῖ κατθανεῖν· φιλῶ δ' ἐγώ.

XXV.

YET a few days, and thee
The all-beholding Sun shall see no more
In all his course: nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again:
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go,
To mix for ever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone.—Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.

W. S. BRYANT.

XXV.

Σὲ δ' οὐ διέξυσ' ἡμέραι πολλαί, τέκνον,
καί σ' οὐκέτ' ἐν τῷ παντὶ προσβλέψει δρόμῳ
ὁ πάντα λεύσσων Ἡλίου κύκλος πάλιν·
οὐδ' ἡ μυδῶσα χθών, ὅπου νέκυν σέθεν
ἐθάπτομεν κλαίοντες, οὐδ' ὁ πόντιος
κόλπος τὰ λοίπ' ἐναργὲς ἀμφέξει δέμας·
ἀλλ' ἥ σ' ἔθρεψε Γαῖα τὰς βλάστας σεθὲν
αὔτ' ἀξιώσει συμμιγεῖς γαίᾳ λαβεῖν·
ὥστ' ἐκδεδυκὼς πᾶσαν ἀνθρώπου φύσιν,
οὐδ' ὢν κατ' αὐτὸν αὐτός, οἰχήσει μιγεὶς
ἀεὶ παλαιὰν ἐς κατάστασιν χθονός·
πέτραις δ' ἀδελφὸς ταῖς ἀναισθήτοις ἔσει,
κἀμηχάνοις βώλοισιν, ἅς τις ἀγρότης
στρέψας ἀρότρῳ κάρτ' ἐλάκτισεν ποδί·
ῥίζας δ' ὑπεῖσαι μυρίας πάντῃ δρύες
τὴν σὴν περῶσιν ἐντετηκότος κόνιν·
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐρῆμος οὐθ' ὁμιλίας δίχα
χωρῶν ἐς ἀείφρουρον ἐγκείσει μυχόν·
καὶ γὰρ γέροντας τῆς νέας χθονὸς σέθεν
ἕξεις συνεύνους· ἐν δὲ κοίρανοι πάλαι
ἀρχαιόπλουτοι, χοί σοφοὶ κεκμηκότες,
πολιοί τε μάντεις, τῶν τε πρὶν μορφαὶ καλαὶ
τῆς γῆς ἔχουσι τόνδε πάγκοινον τάφον.

XXVI.

I MET a traveller from an antique land,
Who said : 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
'Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
'Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
'And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
'Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
'Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
'The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed.
'And on the pedestal these words appear :
'"My name is Ozymandias, King of kings.
'"Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"
'Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
'Of that colossal wreck boundless and bare
'The lone and level sands stretch far away.'

SHELLEY, *Sonnet.*

XXVI.

Ἐκ γῆς δ' ὁδοιπορῶν τις ἀρχαίας ἐμοὶ
κύρσας ἔλεξε τοιάδ' · Ἐν μέσᾳ χθονὸς
ἐρημίᾳ πελώρι' ἵστασθον λίθου,
νόσφιν παρέδρου σώματος, σκέλη δύο ·
πέλας δὲ κεῖται κατακεχωσμένον μέσον
πρόσωπον ἡμίκλαστον, οὗ χείλων πλοκή,
ὡς πικρὸν ἐντέλλοντος, ἀγγέλλει σαφῶς,
ὡς κάρθ' ὁ γλύψας κεῖν' ἐγίγνωσκεν πάθη,
ἃ τὴν πλάσασαν χεῖρα τό τε θρέψαν κέαρ
νικῶντ' ἐν ἀπνόοισιν ἔμπεδον μένει ·
γραφὴ δ' ὕπεστιν · ΟΖΥΜΑΝΔΙΑΣ ΚΑΤΩ
ΑΝΑΞ ΑΝΑΚΤΩΝ ΕΡΓ ΑΘΡΗΣΑΝΤΕΣ ΤΑΔΕ
ΟΥ ΜΗ ΜΕΘΗΣΕΥ ΕΛΠΙΔ Ω ΜΕΓΑΣΘΕΝΕΙΣ.
περίεστι δ' οὐδὲν ἄλλο · πλὴν ἐρειπίων
κείνων σαπείσης ὥσπερ ὁλκάδος περὶ
φυτευμάτων ἄμοιρα, τερμόνων ἄτερ,
ψάμμων ἐρῆμα πέδια τείνεται πρόσω.

XXVII.

Ocean. HE sunk to the abyss? to the dark void?
Apollo. An eagle so, caught in some bursting cloud
On Caucasus; his thunder-baffled wings
Entangled in the whirlwind, and his eyes
Which gazed on the undazzling sun, now blinded
By the white lightning, while the ponderous hail
Beats on his struggling form, which sinks at length,
Prone, and the aërial ice clings over it.

SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound.*

XXVII.

Ω. *Ἆρ' ἤριπ' ἐς κευθμῶνα; κἀς σκότον κενόν;*
A. *ὡς ἐν καταρραγέντι Καυκάσῳ νέφει*
πίτνει τις, ἐμβρόντητά τ' αἰετὸς πτερὰ
δίνῃ θυέλλων ἐμπλακείς, τά τ' ὄμματα
τὰ πρόσθεν οὐ μεμυκόθ' ἡλίου βολαῖς
ἀργῇ τυφλωθεὶς ἀστραπῇ· βαρεῖα δὲ
βάλλει χάλαζα σῶμ' ἀγωνισθὲν πόνῳ·
τὸ δ' αὖ τελευτῶν πρηνὲς ἤριπεν βίᾳ,
ὕπερθεν ἐμπεπηγὸς αἰθρίῳ κρυεῖ.

XXVIII.

O FRIEND, it seems, when first our lives begin,
When we, fresh mariners, first hoist the sail,
On favouring seas by favouring breezes borne,
As though the bark of our felicity
Could never be ornately trimmed enough,
Nor be enough full-freighted with delights;
As though each thing we wanted were a wrong
Done to us;—so we loosen from the land.
But what another lesson will anon
Be learned; and of them who claimed so much,
Deeming it all too little for their needs,
Some will be thankful if one broken plank
Of all their tempest-shattered bark remain,
Bearing them up above the salt-sea foam
Of this world's infelicity to shore.

XXVIII.

Ὅταν γάρ, ὡς ἔοικ', ἀφορμῶντες βίου
ἡμεῖς τὸ πρῶτον, ὡς κυβέρνηται νέοι,
ἀρώμεθ' ἴστι', οὐρίαν πόντου πλάκα
ὑπ' οὐρίαις πνοαῖσιν ἐξανηγμένοι,
μέλλει τὰ καλλωπίσματ' ὀλβίας σκαφῆς
χὴ ναῦν γεμίζουσ' οὐκέτ' ἀρκέσειν χλιδή·
ὡς πάνθ', ὁσώνπερ ἐνδεεῖς πεφύκαμεν,
ἀτιμίαν ἔχοντα πλεονέκτῃ φρενί·
τοιαῦτα δὴ φρονοῦντες ἐξορμώμεθα·
οἵαν δὲ γνώμην, ὦγαθ', ἐκμαθήσομεν
νέαν μεταλλαξάντες ἐν χρόνῳ φυσίν·
οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἠξιώμεθ' ἐκ πολλῆς ὕβρεως
χρέος τοσοῦτον καὶ τόδ' ἐξάρκον μόγις
πρὸς ἐσχάτων δή· στερκτέον χρείων τινὶ
ναὸς ῥαγείσης εἴπερ ἐξ ἐρειπίων
ἀλλ' ἓν περίεστι κωπίον σεσωσμένον,
ἐφ' ᾧ σαλεῦον οἶδμα ναυστολῶν ἅλος
ἐς γῆν δύσομβρον ἐξαλύξεται μόρον.

XXIX.

NOX erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
Corpora per terras: sylvæque et sæva quiêrant
Æquora: quum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu;
Quum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque ardua dumis
Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti,
Lenibant curas, et membra oblita laborum.
At non infelix animi Phœnissa: nec unquam
Solvitur in somnos, oculisve aut pectore noctem
Accipit; ingeminant curæ, rursusque resurgens
Sævit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu.

Sic adeo insistit, secumque ita corde volutat:
En! quid ago? rursusne procos irrisa priores
Experiar, Nomadumque petam connubia supplex,
Quos ego sim toties jam dedignata maritos?
Iliacas igitur classes, atque ultima Teucrûm

XXIX.

TRANSLATION FROM THE FOURTH ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.

'TWAS Night, and creatures of the land and deep
Drank the sweet slumber that the weary sleep.
Now sinks the strife of wood and raging ocean,
Stars in high zenith wheel with noiseless motion.
No voice is heard upon the silent wold
From plumaged birds, or from the slumbering fold:
Whoe'er the tenants of wide gleaming lake,
Or the dark shadows of the bosky brake,
Couched in deep sleep beneath night's canopy,
And lulled to sweet forgetfulness they lie.
But not the poor Phœnician. Night's still call
Charms not her eyelids, or her bosom's thrall;
Back on her heart redoubled passions roll,
And Love's returning current floods her soul.

Thus she began and communed with her woe:
Ah! wretch deluded, whither shall I go?
Make trial now of those I scorned to wed,
And sue the honour of a Wanderer's bed!
Ah no! embark amidst the crews of Troy,

Jussa sequar? quiane auxilio juvat ante levatos,
Et bene apud memores veteris stat gratia facti.
Quis me autem, fac velle, sinet, ratibusque superbis
Invisam accipiet? nescis, heu, perdita, necdum
Laomedonteæ sentis perjuria gentis.
Quid tum? sola fugâ nautas comitabor ovantes?
An Tyriis omnique manu stipata meorum
Inferar? et quos Sidoniâ vix urbe revelli,
Rursus agam pelago, et ventis dare vela jubebo?
Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem.
Tu, lacrymis evicta meis, tu prima furentem
His, germana, malis oneras, atque objicis hosti!
Non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine vitam
Degere, more feræ, tales nec tangere curas:
Non servata fides cineri promissa Sychæo!

And serve for ever in their base employ,
Because forsooth I helped them in their need,
And Trojan hearts can ne'er forget the deed.
If thou couldst dare it, what triumphant lord
Will take an alien on his proud shipboard?
Thou know'st not yet, though ruined and alone,
The perjured sons of false Laomedon.
Shall I with those wild crews unguarded go?
Or press with all my Tyrians on the foe,
Urging once more upon the wind-swept foam
Men torn unwilling from their Sidon home?
No, die, as thou deservest!—It will sever,
The unflinching steel, thine agony for ever.
'Twas thou, my sister, whom my tears could move
In that mad moment of my rising love,
To plunge me headlong in this depth of woe,
And unprotected hurled me on the foe.
'Twas not for me to lead the wild-wood life,
And never know the bondage of a wife,
Nor e'en to keep the promise that I gave
In the last parting o'er Sychæus' grave.

XXX.

NICIAS.

THUCYDIDES, VII. 75–8.

O'ER Athens' columned citadels
And green Arcadia's shepherd dells,
O'er Sparta's rock-encircled valley,
And white sails of the bounding galley
That slowly breaks the Ionian foam,
Straining for Hellas and for home,
The Dawn is coming: on the flow
Of Western waves she reddens now,
And bursting upon Sicily
Her trembling purple floods the sky:
But untouched by her rosy fingers
On each dark hill the night-cloud lingers;
Nor yet the rocks, where dews are streaming,
Upon the precipice are gleaming;
Nor yet the pines—with sombre dress
Covering the craggy wilderness,
Where never climber dare intrude
On Ætna's fiery solitude—

Pierce through the dense-enfolding mist
That wraps them to the mountain breast:
Only from out the grey profound
Is heard afar the cataract's sound,
As rushing from its aëry steep
Onward it dashes to the deep.
But see! before advancing Day
The morning mists have rolled away;
And colours from that magic beam
Flash out upon the winding stream,
And woods in untamed majesty
Toss their bright foliage to the sky,
Where clear above the unnumbered throng
Sweet Philomel begins her song.

But can the light on wood and river
Rekindle hopes now quenched for ever?
The tears that blind the Athenian's eye—
Can they take pleasure from yon sky?
Or loves he now the sparkling wave
That rolls above his comrade's grave,
And drifts toward the death-strewn shore
Each shattered trireme, mast, and oar,
And bursts in idly foaming spray
Far at the entrance of the bay,
Where the chained galleys, firm and high,
Deny him flight and liberty?—

From Syracuse a sound is sent,
And turret, dome, and battlement
Are ringing with the exulting cry
Of pæan chanting victory:
And beacon-fires are smouldering still
On Euryelus' castled hill,
And high upon Plemmyrium
Bid the Sicilian armies come,
To view the last expiring throe
Of their thrice-baffled captive foe;
And from each inward-gazing glen
The dread alarm of coming men
Sounds o'er the marsh, where silently
Anapus wanders to the sea;
Or seems to sound: each airy breath
To that doomed army whispers death.

Despair has hushed the piercing cry
That rose from thousands to the sky,
When Syracuse, but yesterday,
With one clear pæan swept the bay,
And forward o'er the drowned and dying
Pressed on their ranks in panic flying,
As leaves of Autumn pale and sere
Are crowded on the wind-swept mere.
And he stands there, whom Athens sent
To be the unwilling instrument

Of her ambition's wildest deed:
Whose warning voice she would not heed.
But what if years of fight and storm
And pain have marred his wasted form,
Pain that his country heeding not
Still bound him to the soldier's lot,
And what if power and fame be fled?—
High Duty's laws are never dead.
Lit by a flame within the heart,
They brighten never to depart.
'Tis Athens still that fills his sight,
And breathes within the undaunted might
To save the remnant of her host:
While life remains, not all is lost.

And now another morning shines
Upon their long retreating lines,
And loud the wail is heard again
From the death-cumbered shore and plain.
Onward with unaverted eyes
They pass, where in the gateway lies
The abandoned crowd: they must not see
That last despairing agony;
Though oft a son's or father's groan
Is heard in answer to their own.
But others with last hope still strong
Are following, as they march along;
And to their once-loved comrade clinging

Round his dear neck their arms are flinging,
And wildly calling on their love
With cries and tears that may not move,
Till feebly sinking in despair,
They pour to Heaven their latest prayer.

The last farewell is over now,
And they move forward, mute and slow.
But ever Memory recalls
That voyage from bright Athenian walls,
And hopes that grasped in victory
All treasures of the Western sea;
And then the days which cast their brave
To welter on the harbour wave.
Or slain in fight, no burial given,
To lie beneath the unpitying heaven.
And last the flight from that dread shore
To ills perhaps unknown before
O'erpowers them : and the starting tear
Speaks of the woes too hard to bear.
But Nicias' voice is ever by
To cheer their deep despondency.
'For ills ye cannot now retrieve,
'Forbear, my countrymen, to grieve;
'Forbear the unavailing tear
'For those beyond the reach of fear.—
'The wings of Nemesis which over
'The invading squadron darkly hover,

'Are soaring now, for she has spent
'Her last wrath on our armament,
'And bears to the Olympian king
'The tribute of long suffering;
'Nor can the offended Power deny
'To humbled hearts security.
'Look on yourselves: and chase Despair
'From out those ranks still firm and fair
'With discipline; where'er ye go,
'A city terrifies the foe,
'Which towers can never fortify
'As the brave soul and spirit high.
'E'en now from off her unmanned walls
'Your own Athene loudly calls
'Across the intervening main
'Her sons and city back again.
'Her breathing sons! her own dear band,
'She calls, the active heart and hand—
'And not the hulks that strew yon strand!
'Of naval pageantry bereft
'We, living for our hearths, are left,
'And pressing on to friendly soil
'Shall win the end of all our toil.'

* * * * *

A few days, and the cup of death
Has stifled that heroic breath,
Drained in the dungeon house, to sate
Sicilia's triumphant hate.

'Twas Syracuse that bid him die,
Where oft in highest minstrelsy
His laureate harp had Pindar strung,
And oft the banquet halls had rung
Loud with the song-inspirèd grace
That told of Hiero's swift race,
And welcomed in the enduring lay
The victor of the bloodless bay.
But none of Græcia's bards e'er shed
The light of song on Nicias' head,
Or let one tuneful teardrop fall
Upon his nameless funeral.
To captive wretch, what song is meet?
Who sings to chronicle defeat?—
Enough for him unknown to lie,
And silence hymn his victory.

XXXI.

TRANSLATION FROM PROPERTIUS.

(I. 20. 17.)

STILL runs the tale how Argo left of yore
Thessalia's docks, and straight for Phasis bore.
Scarce had dark Helle's waters sunk from view,
When Mysia's rocks receive the eager crew;
Stretched on the yielding sand each sinks to rest,
Their sea-worn limbs on leafy couches prest.
But through the woods young Hylas roamed away
To seek the choicer stream that shuns the day;
Him the twin sons of Aquilo pursued,
Zetes and Calais, in wanton mood;
On swooping pinions see them both essay
To kiss his upturned face and fly away,
While nestling in their wings he's borne on high,
And waves a bough to foil them as they fly.
Scarce had they ceased, when ah! too luckless fate!
Away goes Hylas where the wood-nymphs wait.
There lies a spring beneath Arganthus' crest,
A liquid home where Dryads love to rest;
High arched above the wild-wood monarchs stand,
With fruits that bloom unreared by human hand,

While scarlet poppies blush beneath the shade,
And silver lilies deck the watery glade.
Young Hylas, as he plucks the flowery spoil,
Forgets his task for this more pleasing toil:
Next at the spring, all unsuspecting, stays,
And in the mirrored reflex loves to gaze;
Then dips his hand a copious draught to drink,
One shoulder resting on the mossy brink.
'Twas then his beauty fired the nymphs at play
To leave the dance they love, and haste away;
Gently they draw him down the yielding rill;
A little splash—and all around is still.
Afar Alcides calls, his love to save,
But nought save Echo answers from the wave.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

